

# The EVENING WORLD'S DAILY MAGAZINE

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## Why "Falling in Love" Leads to the Happiest Marriages

Deliberately Hunting for a Husband Often Nets an Unfortunate Selection



The Man Who Marries Just Because He Needs a Wife Is Hardest To Please

By Betty Vincent

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ALMOST every girl in the world sets marriage as the goal she intends to reach some day.

Whether Dolly stays at home in her father's house or whether she dashes forth to business every day, she has the idea of marriage deep rooted in her heart.

But the big thing for Dolly to remember is NOT to hunt for a husband. You must not chase Cupid for a happy marriage, girls. Wait until you feel the point of his arrow in your heart.

Don't set your trap for the first eligible young man whom dad brings home. Don't try to fall in love with the man you meet in business, who you hear is such a success in life. Be sure that you have found love before you chase blindly on to capture a husband.

LOVE at first sight is frequently one of the truest and best types of love. Some of the happiest married couples have been men and girls who fell in love the very first time they met. A love which is founded on companionship and close association is also a rock-bound affair. But to deliberately start out to find a husband and set your cap for a wedding ring is taking the "row" out of romance. Your matrimonial sea is bound to be full of rocks and reefs.

When you chase Cupid you force him to draw his arrow against his judgment, but love at first sight or the love of companionship and association is natural and therefore real.

A man who is hunting a wife is really more particular and harder to please than a man who falls in love unexpectedly and marries "for better or for worse." Surely few girls would be happy in their engagements if they knew their fiancé was looking for a wife before he met them! And what man would love his wife if he knew that any man who came along would have suited her just as well?

ALL engagements and courtships are based on the principle that there is only "you." Unless you firmly believe that no two people on earth were as deeply in love as you are, love is not real. And the moment a man or a girl realizes that they were merely wanted to fill a vacant spot in some one's life, a spot any man or woman could have filled just as well, love, in its real romantic sense, is lost. Real love must have its ego and feel that no one else could ever fill that void.

The girl who sits down to wait for the first man who comes along after she has finished school usually has a very unsuccessful married life. The girl who goes to business with the idea of capturing the most eligible man in the shop or firm is apt to choose the wrong man. She is hunting a husband, and while she is apt to find one, she is putting spurs on Cupid's arrow and is very apt to bungle things up.

THERE is nothing so enchanting as a "found love." The botanist experiences just such a thrill when he looks behind a mossy stone and sees a rare and dainty flower hitherto unknown to him. But he may be looking for another flower. But this new, wonderful flower fills his heart with untold pleasure and more than repays him for his woodland tramp. And so Dolly and all her sisters at home and in the business world may be interested in other matters of life and right while they are intent upon their own line of work find this new and wonderful thing called love.

## Feed the Brute

Favorite Recipes By Famous Men

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA (Bandmaster-Composer)

Polcas a la Portugaise

ONE quart can of tomatoes. Put in kettle on top of stove, simmer for one and a half hours. Add pepper, salt, two onions cut in fine slices, four allspice and four cloves. The cloves and allspice to be added after it starts to boil. After two and a half hours add two pounds chopped beef; add one onion, chopped fine, two cups bread crumbs, a little parsley, salt and pepper. Make into meat balls about the size of a plum. Put into sauce and boil one and one-half hours slowly. This makes a really fine hours' slow boiling for the sauce.

Spaghetti

Use a package or a pound of spaghetti, not macaroni. Have a large pot of boiling water with about one tablespoonful of salt. Slide the spaghetti into the water. Do not break it. Boil exactly twenty minutes. To sauce, add three bay leaves one hour before taking off the stove. Serve spaghetti on large platter, pouring tomato sauce over it. Serve polcas on smaller platter, allowing a small quantity of sauce to remain on them. Serve grated Parmesan cheese on side.

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## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

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IT being a nice day for the time of year, little Emma Jarr was sitting on the steps of the Jarr apartment house. Where she sat there was no possible room for the newcomer to take a place beside her, so she said: "I ain't going to play with you no more. Go away!"

This newcomer, who was Miss Becky Slavinsky, regarded the speaker with admiration and alarm. "For why should I go away?" "Because I got a new dress and coat and mustn't be disturbed," said little Miss Jarr with calm disdain. "After this I ain't going to play with nobody."

"My! Such airs as Emma Jarr is putting on!" little Miss Slavinsky reported to the other little girls of the neighborhood. "She ain't never going to speak to any of us, so proud she is!"

Then, it would seem, an imaginary telephone rang. For little Miss Jarr, as though unconscious of the presence of the other little girls, said: "Hello!" in a languid, modulated voice. "Oh, is that you, Mrs. Queen?" she asked. "In your gold automobile at 8 to see the movies? To be sure! I shall be charmed!"

"Becky Slavinsky says you ain't going to play with none of us no more. Ain't you, Emma?" asked little Mary Rangle, pleadingly.

"No with no intimation," said Miss Jarr, after considering the plea a moment.

"With no what?" asked little Miss Rangle.

"You know what intimation is, don't you? Ain't you been to a ladies' college and got an education with French?" was the reply. "You know what I mean. You can't behave to me with intimation, be fresh or put your hands on my new dress, because your hands are dirty."

"My hands is clean!" said the little Rangle girl eagerly. "Can I sit on your doorstep?"

"If you say, 'Yes, my lady,' and, 'No, my lady,' like a maid in the movies, you can sit on the lowest step," said the social despot.

With a sigh of pleasant satisfaction little Miss Hickett took the seat indicated and asked young lady higher up if she might fix her hair.

"Yes, but don't spoil it. It's just been combed," said little Miss Jarr.

"And now I'm going for a walk. You can come behind and carry my things."

"Hey, what's the matter?" cried Master Izzy Slavinsky, out for a spin in his toy automobile he had recently acquired in trade.

"We don't speak to common people!" replied his sister. "We are out walking with a fine lady!"

"Hey!" Master Slavinsky said to Miss Jarr, making a bid for the Princess's favor. "If you'll get in my automobile, Emmie, I'll push you around the block."

Miss Jarr seated herself in the vehicle with great dignity, and then, with a condescending wave of her hand, dismissed her entourage.

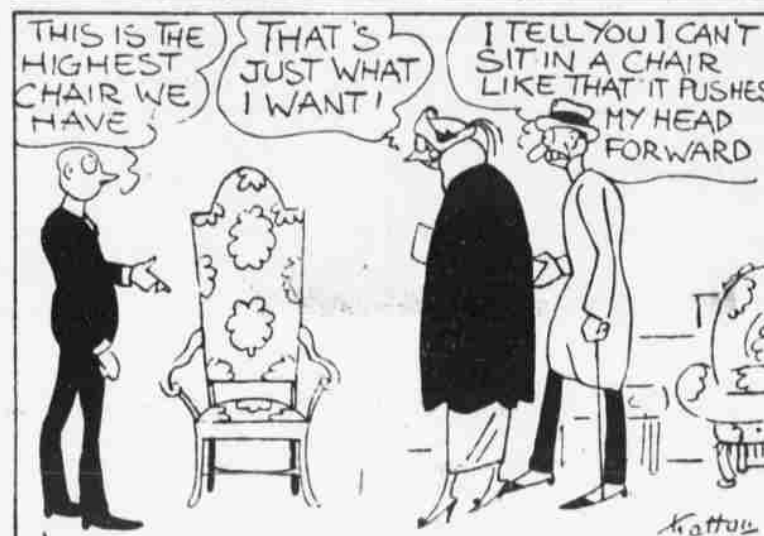
"Please don't wait for me," she said with cold indifference.

Mrs. Jarr, overhearing and beholding all these happenings from the front window, smiled proudly. "How beautifully she snubs her dearest friends!" she said. "She'll dominate in high society when she grows up!"

## Can You Beat It!

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## The Shut-In

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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IT was her birthday. She who sat at the window and waited for him. The beginning and end of her existence, to return home. The boy—a beautiful boy.

And she recalled the day when she was sound of limb. She lived it all over again.

And made believe that she could dance and play. And that she was young and beautiful. The spirit of youth was in her eyes. And her maiden, crumpled-up form was as nothing on this gladsome day.

Patiently she has looked out at her narrow horizon. She knows every petal in the box of blooms at her window-sill.

And through the years has become a quiet observer of things beautiful. Soon he came—he who kept the wolf from the door. Straight and strong was he, and overjoyed to see her happy men.

He opened the package—a new shawl. And another box of flowers for the window. Ah, yes! The shouts of glee that greeted him—A heart full of happiness—happiness that comes from simple things.

And thankfulness for that which was hers that day. No regrets for the might-have-beens or the days that were! He, the joy of her life, had thrown aside his books. Gave up hope and ambition to do a lowly work.

Times without number her one little moment of gladness had buoyed him to greater effort and eased his sordid way. But for him she would be in some crowded house—The house of a thousand souls, but not the home of one. True, she could not be with those on the outside; But then all the more was her appreciation of the great world of which she was shut out.

And little trifles gave her joy. Ah, surely, when the angels carry their blessings. They go first to those who look to the shut-in. And who make life just a bit brighter and a bit better. And it takes so little. That he who runs may hear the rustle of that angel's wing.

## DO IT YOURSELF

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HOW TO REPLACE A BROKEN WINDOW CORD.

WINDOWS move up and down easily because their weight is counter balanced by iron bars hanging inside the window sill. When you lift the window, the bar inside, connected with the window by a rope moving over a pulley, does most of the work. These ropes wear out and break in time. They can be replaced without difficulty.

Remove the wooden strips from each side of the window sill. You will then see a small board extending eighteen or twenty inches above the sill. These boards, one each side, are held in place by a screw which should be removed. The weight, the pulley and the broken rope will then appear.

Get a bundle of window cord from your hardware dealer. Tie a small weight to a string, drop the weight over the pulley and draw on the string



until the rope has passed through the pulley. Tie the end of the rope to the iron window weight. If you are working on the inside sash, lift the weight to the top of the groove and fasten the cord securely. If you are repairing the outside sash the weight must be almost at the bottom of the groove. Experiment till you get the adjustment right. Fasten the other end of the cord to the window sash

By Maurice Ketten

## Fables for the Fair

### The Woman-Hater

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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MORAL: It's a Silly Woman That Crabs Her Own Sex!

NO man ever really hates women. When he says he does, he just means he's AFRAID of 'em—AFRAID of what they may do to his liberty, his job, his illusions—

LAUGH at him! So he makes his gestures of violent aversion—And the wise women laugh just the same. And when one of them happens to want this woman-hater

She puts out her hand and grabs him. That's that! But there really is a certain type of woman

Who hates her own sex And never misses a chance to hand it something. She says, "Women are so stupid!" Apparently she forgets

That scientists recently declared 49 per cent. of the MEN in America Are morons! And I fancy that the number of twelve-year-old minds among women

Is at least no larger! The female woman-hater Says "Women are cats!"—She ought to know!

She's the girl who never misses a chance To crab another woman's stuff. When the boss shows a certain enthusiasm for an efficiency suggestion

From one of her little office playmates (female), She says, coldly, that it'll be fine—if it works.

She wonders, aloud, what the Suffrage leaders, the women's club presidents, the feminine social workers

"Are getting out of it." She seems to take personal pride in repeating frequently: "No great book, great picture, great statue Was ever created by a woman."

And for woman's future fame, as for woman's past, She sees not a chance! She says that "friendship between two women is impossible!"

And does all she individually can to make it so. By telling her women friends various unpleasant truths About their past histories and present dispositions—

"I'm only telling you for your own good," she explains. Finally, the female woman-hater Never fails to tell all the men she knows

Her low opinion of her sex, in general and in particular. She keeps her meanest lines for "particular" examples in the immediate vicinity.

And this is where the woman-hater misses a bet. For if there's one sure way of convincing men that you are petty-minded and small-souled, it's to criticize other women—even justly—

To say nothing of blackguarding them at every opportunity. So—the woman who crabs her own sex is simply silly—

For she can get much further with the OTHER one by playing sex loyalty. And, after all, is there any better play to make in earnest? When a woman can't believe in women

She might just as well go and live on a desert island; For she certainly can't believe in MEN— If she's over thirty!

## Kitchenette Kinks

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The Evening World will pay \$1 each for accepted "Kinks" from readers. Address: Kitchenette Kink Editor, Evening World, 63 Park Row, New York City. Checks mailed Monday for week ending preceding Thursday.

BROILING IN FURNACE. IN the fall and winter instead of broiling meats and fish in the gas stove, I broil them in the furnace on a wire broiler. It saves gas, also the washing of a greasy broiler pan, and the meat is delicious.

WAX PAPER POLISHER. I find that the wax paper in which butter is wrapped is an excellent stove polisher. Just rub the stove thoroughly with the discarded wax paper; wipe dry with a newspaper and you have a nice, bright stove.

INEXPENSIVE WASHBASKET. A very inexpensive, durable, lightweight basket to use for wet clothes on washday can easily be provided by obtaining from your grocer a basket such as lettuce, beans, etc., are shipped in. They are about a bushel size. These baskets have neat handles, are easy to scrub, also lighter to lift and require less space than the regular willow variety made for this purpose.

TO SAVE WOOD. Take six single sheets of newspaper, roll up tight (the long way) and tie in a knot. With ten or twelve of these knots you can start a coal fire without wood.

IRONING BOARD KINK. To save space in my kitchen when ironing I place one end of the ironing board in the drawer under the dishwasher. It leaves the other end entirely free without having a chair under it, besides keeping it very firm and clothes can be slipped on the board without any trouble. It is also a good height to sit down to if one so desires.

MENDING LINOLEUM FLOOR. Our kitchen linoleum got a hole in it, so I took some ground cork and mixed it with heavy glue and then placed it in the hole. When it had set I rubbed it down with sandpaper and covered it with paint to match the linoleum.

SAVES WEAR ON OILCLOTH. My kitchen table is square and I always found that the table oilcloth cracked and wore in holes at the corners, while the rest of it was still good. I purchased a new piece a few months ago and before I put it on the table I folded a piece of paper about four thicknesses and tacked one at each corner. After months the oilcloth shows not a crack or mark at any of the corners.

## Barbara's Beaux

By Caroline Crawford

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Appreciation and a Surprise.

VAN BRUNT VARDEN scarcely appreciated what Barbara did for him until he left the studio and began to think things over. Then it all came over him that through a very clever piece of acting she had regained his \$2,500 and thus made it possible for him to continue his law course.

The girl was a brick, in his estimation, and he was not going to let her talent go unappreciated. On the spur of the moment he invited four boy chums, ordered a table for them at the Waldorf-Astoria and decided to give a banquet for Barbara. These chums were not his gay crowd whom Barbara spurned, but four of the most serious-minded young men of his college clique.

The following evening Varden merely told Barbara that he wanted her to dine with him at the Waldorf, and because she looked upon this as a festive occasion she gave her promise. He, the boy of her life, had thrown aside his books. Gave up hope and ambition to do a lowly work.

Times without number her one little moment of gladness had buoyed him to greater effort and eased his sordid way. But for him she would be in some crowded house—The house of a thousand souls, but not the home of one. True, she could not be with those on the outside; But then all the more was her appreciation of the great world of which she was shut out.

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"Peacefully enjoying the logs and paper boxes light up," continued Barbara. "A telegram came, stating he had lost the money his friend promised to invest in the Street. I did not like the ring of the thing and when he mentioned that his sister had fitted this man I smelled a mouse. So I told Varden to call the fellow up and tell him his lawyer wished to speak to him. The result was that Varden wouldn't do it and I took charge of the thing myself."

Varden took up the story from this angle and the whole party enjoyed a good dinner and much repartee and fun. At the conclusion of the dinner Barbara had won the friendship of four very interesting young men, all of whom claimed the right to call upon her.

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